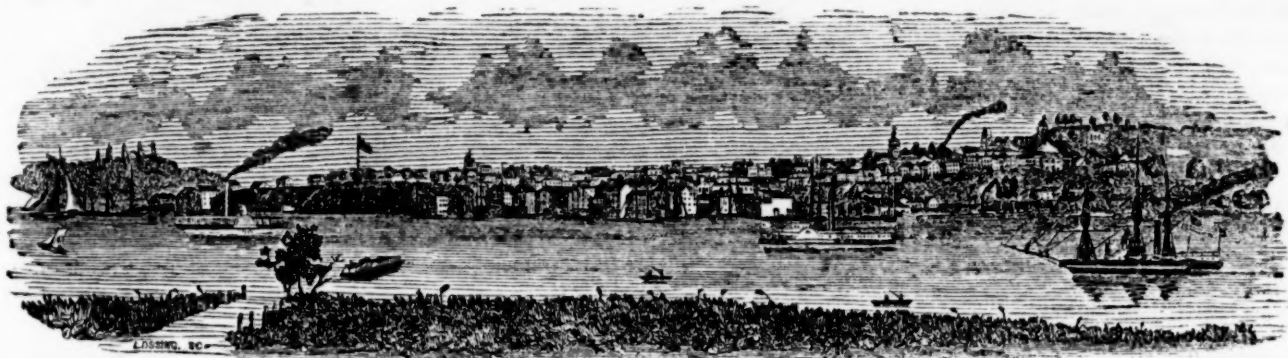


RURAL REPOSITORY.



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NUMBER 1.

SOUTH-EASTERN VIEW OF NANTUCKET, MASS.



The above view shows the appearance of Nantucket, as it is seen from the shore of the inner harbor, south-east from the town. The Light-House, on Brant Point, is seen in the distance on the right; beyond, in the extreme distance, are seen vessels near the sand bar south from the outer harbor and nearly two miles from the northern shore.

"The town of Nantucket is about 30 miles south of the main, or continent, 60 miles south east from New Bedford, 100 south south east from Boston, and 382 miles east north east from Philadelphia. It lies in north latitude 41 degrees, 15 minutes and 22 seconds; in west longitude 70 degrees, 7 minutes and 56 seconds. It contains nearly 30,000 acres of land, and is about 14 miles long, east and west, and 3 and a half broad, on an average, north and south." The population of Nantucket in 1837 was 9,048. The principal harbor is on the north side of the island, in the bottom or bend of an extensive bay, and is nearly land-locked by two points of beach, about three fourths of a mile apart; one on the

east, called Coetue, the other on the west, called Brant Point. Within these points, and on the west side, are the wharves and the town. Nearly two miles from the shore, to the northward of the harbor, is a bar, which all vessels coming in or out are under the necessity of passing. Vessels drawing nine feet of water may with good pilots, pass over this bar and into the harbor. The number of vessels belonging to the port in 1834 was 140, viz. 73 ships, 20 schooners, 46 sloops, 1 steam-boat. Total tonnage, 29,550, of which are engaged in the whale-fishery 25,357 tons. About two thousand men and boys belonging to the island are employed in navigation. The whale-fishery commenced here at an early period, and this place is perhaps more celebrated than any other for the enterprise and success in this species of nautical adventure. There are 3 banks, the "Citizens' Bank," capital \$100,000; the "Manufacturers and Mechanics' Bank," capital \$100,000; and the "Pacific Bank," with a capital of \$200,000. The "Phoenix Insurance

Company" has a capital of \$100,000, and the "Commercial Insurance Company" a capital of \$125,000. There is a regular daily communication between this place and New Bedford by a steam-boat and packets, which touch at Wood's Hole, near Falmouth, and at Holmes' Hole on Martha's Vineyard.

The town of Nantucket, which embraces nearly all the houses on the island, is very compactly built, most of the streets narrow, and the houses are mostly constructed of wood. The inhabitants seem sensible of their exposure to sweeping fires, to prevent which they have an efficient fire department, and eighteen public cisterns and wells. There are 9 religious societies or congregations, viz. one Unitarian Congregationalist, one Orthodox society, two meetings of Friends, (one attached to the New-York yearly meeting, the other to that of New England,) one Methodist Episcopal, one Reformed Methodist, one Episcopal, and two for colored persons, one of them Baptist, the other denominated

Zion's Church. Previous to 1827, very little was done by the town in their corporate capacity for the support of schools. Since that period much has been effected; there are at present two large grammar and four primary schools, at which are taught about 800 scholars. The *Coffin School* was incorporated in 1827. This institution originated with Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, of the British navy, who visited the island in 1826. He found that a large part of the inhabitants were more or less remotely related to him. Having expressed a desire to confer on his kindred some mark of his attachment, it was suggested that the establishment of a school would be the means of most permanent good to his relatives; it immediately met his approbation. He accordingly authorized the late William Coffin, Esq. to purchase a building for a school, and shortly after funded for its support two thousand five hundred pounds sterling. The Nantucket Athenæum was incorporated in 1834, and is an institution of much promise; it has a library of more than two thousand volumes, and is rapidly increasing. The museum connected with the institution contains a large number of curiosities, consisting chiefly of weapons, dresses, and utensils of the islands in the Pacific Ocean.

The original right of Nantucket was obtained by Thomas Mayhew of James Forreth, agent of William Earl of Sterling, in 1611, at New-York. In May, 1669, Wanaquamak and Nickanoose, head sachems of Nantucket, sold to Thomas Mayhew and others the land lying from the west end of the island to a pond called Wagutaquab, and from that pond upon a straight line unto a pond situate upon Monnumoy Creek, and from the north-west corner of the pond to the sea. This territory includes the town. The first Englishman who settled at Nantucket was Thomas Macy, in 1659. He removed with his family from Salisbury, in the county of Essex, to Madakit Harbor, at the west end of the island. Soon after there went from Martha's Vineyard Edward Starbuck, James Coffin and John Dagget to the island for the sake of gunning, and lived with him as boarders. The following is a list of the first proprietors to whom the island was granted by Gov. Mayhew, in 1659:

Thomas Mayhew, John Smith, Tristram Coffin, Nathaniel Starbuck, Thomas Macy, Edward Starbuck, Richard Swaine, Thomas Look, Thomas Barnard, Robert Barnard, Peter Coffin, James Coffin, Christopher Hussey, Robert Pike, Stephen Greenleaf, Tristram Coffin, Jr. John Swain, Thomas Coleman, John Bishop, Richard Gardner, Joseph Gardner, Joseph Coleman, William Worth, Peter Folger, Eleazer Folger, John Gardner, Samuel Stretor, Nathaniel Wier.

Many of these proprietors moved to the island in 1660. At a meeting of the proprietors, held at Nantucket, in 1661, it was determined "that each man of the owners should have liberty to choose his house lots at any place not before taken up, and each house lot should contain 60 rods square." At first the settlers located themselves at the west end of the island. In 1671, a patent was granted, confirming the land to the proprietors, by Francis Lovelace, governor of New-York. It was incorporated a town by the name of Sherburne in 1687, and as a county in 1695.

At the time of the settlement by the English, there were nearly 3,000 Indians on the island. They were divided into two tribes, one at the west and the other at the east end. The western

tribe is supposed to have found its way thither from the main by the way of Martha's Vineyard, and the eastern to have crossed the sound from the southern shore of Barnstable county. Concerning the discovery of Nantucket by the Indians, they had the following fabulous tradition, which was related to the early English settlers.

In former times, a great many moons ago, a bird, extraordinary for its size, used often to visit the south shore of Cape Cod, and carry from thence in its talons a vast number of small children. Maushope, who was an Indian giant, as fame reports, resided in these parts. Enraged at the havoc among the children, he on a certain time waded into the sea in pursuit of the bird, till he had crossed the sound and reached Nantucket. Before Maushope forded the sound, the island was unknown to the red men. Maushope found the bones of the children in a heap, under a large tree. He then, wishing to smoke a pipe, ransacked the island for tobacco, but finding none, he filled his pipe with poke, a weed which the Indians sometimes used as a substitute. Ever since the above memorable events, fogs have been frequent at Nantucket and on the Cape. In allusion to this tradition, when the aborigines observed a fog rising, they would say, "There comes old Maushope's smoke." This tradition has been related in another way: that an eagle having seized and carried off a papoose, the parents followed him in their canoe till they came to Nantucket, where they found the bones of their child, dropped by the eagle. There is another Indian tradition that Nantucket, was formed by Maushope, by emptying the ashes from his pipe after he had done smoking. The two tribes on the island were hostile to each other. Tradition has preserved a pleasing instance of the effect of love. The western tribe having determined to surprise and attack the eastern tribe, a young man of the former, whose mistress belonged to the latter, being anxious for her safety, as soon as he was concealed by the shades of night, ran to the beach, flew along the shore below the limit of high water, saw his mistress a moment, gave the alarm, and returned by the same route before day break; the rising tide washed away the traces of his feet. The next morning he accompanied the other warriors of the tribe to the attack; the enemy was found prepared, and no impression could be made on them. He remained undetected, till several years after, peace being restored between the two tribes, and the young man having married the girl, the truth came to light.

The whale fishery began here in 1693. One Ichabod Paddock came from Cape Cod to instruct the people in the art of killing whales in boats from the shore. This business flourished till about the year 1769, when the whales appear generally to have left the coast. In 1768 the inhabitants began to pursue whales on the ocean, in small sloops and schooners, of about from 30 to 50 tons. The blubber was brought home and tried or boiled in try-houses. In a few years after, vessels of a larger burthen were employed, and the oil boiled out in try-works at sea.

"At the breaking out of the Revolution, in 1775, Nantucket had 150 vessels, and employed in them 2,200 men, on whaling voyages. They took annually about 30,000 barrels of oil. The peculiar interests of the island suffered severely by the war, at the close of which the number of whaling vessels was reduced to 30. The enterprise of the people

received another check in the late war, but has since again restored the business of the island to its accustomed channels and extent. In 1822, there belonged to the town 88 whaling vessels, averaging 300 tons each.

"The Nantucket whaleman now extend their voyages to the coast of Brazil in South America, and frequently to the Pacific Ocean, and are often absent two or three years. The vessels designed for these distant voyages are generally navigated by 20 or 30 men. The terms on which the men are employed are somewhat peculiar. The owners of the vessel and its appurtenances receive a certain stipulated part out of the profits of the voyage, and the remainder of the proceeds is divided among the officers and seamen, according to certain rules previously known and understood by all parties. So that if the vessel meets with great success, the pay of the men, who navigate it, will be high; but if the vessel have less success, their pay will be proportionably less.

The following notice of Peter Folger, one of the first settlers of the island, is taken from "a short Journal of Nantucket, by Zacheus Macy," in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

"When the English first came to Nantucket, they appointed 5 men to divide and lay out 20 acres of house lot land to every share, and Peter Folger was one of the five. But it appears by the records, that any 3 of the 5 might do the business, provided the said Peter Folger was one of them, from which it is plain the people saw something in him superior to others. It is observable also that the old deeds from the Indian sachems were examined by Peter Folger, and he wrote at the bottom of the deed and signed it in addition to the signature of the justice; for he understood and could speak the Indian tongue. Thus it is evident that both the English and the Indian had a great esteem for Peter Folger, who was grandfather to the famous Benjamin Franklin, the Printer, Statesman and Philosopher. His mother was the daughter of Peter Folger, and it seems that the whole of North America prides itself as much in Benjamin Franklin as the people of Nantucket did in his grandfather, Peter Folger."

TABLES.

THE SILVER BOTTLE:

OR

The Adventures of "Little Marlboro" In Search of His Fortune.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Written for the "Uncle Sam" by PROFESSOR INGRAHAM, author of "The Quadroon," "Lafitte," "The Dancing Feather," &c.

CHAPTER I.

The name and ancient parentage.—How Dame Darwell kept a famous Inn.—Description of the Inn and of Dame Darwell.—How she happened to be left a widow.—Dame Darwell, like other folks, has a hobby.—Comes to the resolution to change the sign of the Quart Mug.—How a certain carriage arrives and ends the chapter.

I AM "Little Marlboro'." That is my name, I may as well say at once. I dare say there are better names, and I dare say there are much worse names; but good or bad my name is Little Marlboro', and neither more nor less than Little Marlboro'. But let me begin at the beginning! for as I intend to write a true and veracious history of my life, I wish to start fair with my reader, giving and taking no advantage in the outset.

As my memory does not extend farther back than my third year, I must, in common with all my readers, take the tradition of others touching the

circumstances of my birth and infancy. But it will be very soon seen, that, in reference to my birth, I am fully as much in the dark as an anxious son would care to be respecting such a personal matter; as I am not able with any certainty to fix upon any progenitors until I reach my father Adam and my mother Eve, who are the only parents I can positively lay claim to.

But the reader shall know all that I know touching this interesting matter of my parentage. The knowledge came to me through the good woman, Dame Darwell, who is to be hereafter mentioned, and to whom I owe all the cares and duties which should have been mine from the hands and heart of a mother. I will begin the narrative of my earlier years after the fashion of story writers; though so far from writing a story I am penning a veritable history, in which there may, perhaps, nevertheless be discovered before the end, no little romance.

There stands on the road-side not far from the third Turnpike Gate on the old Providence and Boston stage road a small but neat Inn. It has nothing particular to attract attention but an indefinable air of *snugginess* and comfort. The practised traveler as he came near could see from its well swept stone step, the glimpse of its sanded tap-room floor, its dimity curtained windows, with a pot of geranium on the sill, and the shrub rose bush beneath, and the woodbine creeping above the humble portal, that there were to be had within, clean, well aired beds, abundant and well-cooked viands, and home-like welcome; and his expectations were not disappointed. The Inn was situated close by the way side, and few travelers passed it by without giving Dame Darwell a call. Her apple pies, her pumpkin pies, her peach sauce, her golden butter, her rich cream and snow-white cakes long dwelt in the memories of those who had once had the happiness of being her guests. Although she lived but nine miles from Boston, where travelers might be supposed to be best provided for, those who "knew her fame," in journeying in chaise or on horseback (for rail-roads were not in those days) from Boston, would delay their breakfast till they reached "The Silver Bottle;" or if going into the city, take their supper earlier than usual to get it served up by the tidy and hospitable hostess of this popular Inn. The house was a long, rambling edifice of one story, with every room on one floor; it had a large garden half encircling it, and spacious barns in the rear; two elms of great age and majesty grew before the door completely covering the Inn with shade and green leaves. A red pump of icy cold water stood at one corner, beneath the spout of which was a huge watering trough known to every horse and hoof for half a mile around. The cattle seemed to love the pump at "The Silver Bottle," as much as travelers loved the entertainment within. Pleasant fields and green meadows with woodlands and a sparkling stream were in sight from the ever open door of the Inn, and the birds loved the trees and the shrubbery about Dame Darwell's house better than any other; for there were more robins' nests and grey wrens' nests, and yellow birds' nests in her trees than in those of any body else; and from earliest spring till the last leaf of autumn fell, the song of birds was heard around her doors and windows.—Dame Darwell had no need to keep birds in cages!

Such was The Silver Bottle Inn at the time of which I write. Dame Darwell, as Hetty Caton, at eighteen had reigned a rustic belle; when bluffs

George Darwell won her heart and hand from many competitors. George was the only son of a substantial Inn-keeper, and heir to all his father's possessions, and after Hetty became his wife he took her home and made her landlady of the Inn. It had in his father's time been called the "Quart Mug;" and George retained the old sign and style. But Hetty, his young bride, who had certain refined ideas very excusable in a belle, good natured and sensible too, as she was, did not like the name and did not hesitate to tell George as much. But George could not see the matter with her eyes and very kindly and very firmly refused to change it. "My father enriched me, dear wife, under this old sign of the 'Quart Mug,' and placed me in a situation to wed the best and fairest of all the maidens my eyes ever looked upon; but for that 'Quart Mug,' Hetty, I should not have had the happiness of calling you my wife and making you mistress of this comfortable house!"

Hetty could not utter a word in reply to such arguments as these, and so the old sign board with its picture of a quart mug was suffered to swing as of old beneath the branches of the old elm that overshadowed the pump.

But although these reasons given by George were conclusive, they did not wholly set to rest the matter in the mind of his loving wife. She, however, said no more about it, resolved to yield her own notions to her husband's wishes.

For six years this happy couple lived together in the most perfect harmony, the idea of the vulgarity in the sound of "The Quart Mug," gradually fading from Mrs. Darwell's mind. With years she had grown less fastidious; yet in heart, if she could have had her way she would have yet taken down the old sign and replaced it by a new one with a more pleasing sound. The sixth anniversary of their marriage had arrived and George rode into Boston to purchase his wife a gift of affection, as had each year been his custom. But when Hetty's eyes beheld him in prideful joy ride gallantly away from the stoop, mounted on a noble, high-spirited horse he had just bought, they looked upon him alive for the last time! That evening he was brought back to the Inn he had left with such buoyant feelings in the morning, a corpse. His horse had been suddenly affrighted by the explosion of rocks near town, and becoming unmanageable had dashed off with him at full speed and turning a corner hurled his rider to the ground and fell upon him. The unfortunate man was taken up insensible, but never breathed again!

I will pass over the grief—the anguish of sorrow which overwhelmed the bereaved widow. For many days she refused all consolation; for her heart was bound up in her love for her dead husband! But time, which heals all wounds of the heart, gradually restored tranquility to her mind; but a shade of tender melancholy, I can remember was never banished from her fine features. Good, benevolent, and noble woman! how shall I ever recall thee without tender emotions—without tears of gratitude? I now sympathize with thy widowed sorrows, though then God had not given me being. I will do thee justice, thou kind of heart and true; for I am about to speak much of thee and thy goodness to me! At thy few failings the reader shall smile! for thy virtues he shall praise thee!

For five years the widow of George Darwell remained hostess of the Quart Mug. During this time, more than once had she been tempted to make

a change in the name of the Inn; but the memory of George withheld the act; though still the idea grew none the less prominent in her thoughts. At length as years passed by and she gradually separated her identity with the dead, as the living and particularly widows, in time naturally do, she thought less of George's wishes and more of her own. Dame Darwell, as she was now generally designated, was in her thirty-fifth year, buxom, handsome, good natured, and the very soul of kindness and benevolence. She had got the reputation of her house spread wide for its neatness, good fare, and comfortable entertainment, and the "best company of the land," as she often used to say, stopped to dine or sleep there. Five Governors, and a score of Judges at least, and Councillors without number going to and from the capital and the Courts, had been entertained by her. For the sake of this respectable order of her guests, the name of the Inn troubled her very much. The idea of changing it was her hobby. We all have a hobby of some kind or other, and this was Dame Darwell's hobby.

One pleasant afternoon in June the good lady was sitting in the front door of the Inn knitting a very shapely stocking out of blue and white yarn. The air was warm and balmy with the breath of flowers; the windows of the tap and the little parlour were all up; the birds were twittering in the cool shadows of the branches; the water trickled from the end of the spile of the pump into the trough; the fields in front were green and waving; the sky was without a cloud, save a little group of snow-bank clouds in the west sleeping upon the horizon like a pile of pillows. The cook was seated in the kitchen door dressed up and mending her Sunday gown; the cat was crouched on the stone step; the poultry were lazily picking about the door; the cows stood in the coolest shadow of the barn; the hostler and his boy were lying idly and half asleep upon a heap of hay in the sun by the stable door; the old dog was drowsing on the grass in front; and peace and quiet—the sweet tranquility of a summer afternoon reigned around. Dame Darwell's heart was at peace also; and her soul reflected all the serene beauty of the hour. She sat so that as she occasionally lifted her eyes from her stocking, (for she was "closing the heel" which was an operation that demanded a little more attention than usual) she could not only see some distance along the road, but was also in full view of the old sign of "The Quart Mug." In every earthly Paradise there is a temptation! The old sign was the apple in this. That very day, Dame Darwell's cousin, Mariah, an old maid who being homeless had kindly been given a home by the benevolent hostess, knowing the widow's foible, and having similar fastidious notions of her own about the matter, had been hinting to good Dame Darwell as plainly as she dared "how much more respectable it would be to have another name for the Inn."—Mariah and her aunt Keezy, another protegee of the charitable widow who also made the Inn her home, were out that afternoon to attend a sewing-circle for sending clothes to the naked little heathen, letting the naked little heathen in the streets go naked in the name of Missionary charity! Dame Darwell preferred staying at home and clothing the Christian beggar whom Providence might send by her door!

The sign, as we have said, was in full sight of the good dame as she sat in her porch, and she

could not help looking up at it very often, especially as a robin with a worm dangling from his yellow bill had perched himself upon it, to rest a moment before he should fly across the Inn yard to his nest in the old apple tree by the corner of the kitchen. Every time she looked up she thought the old sign was more and more vulgar; and at length it took such hold of her mind that it appeared to her, as if there could not be found in the whole English language, two words so unsightly and so low in their meaning. The good dame's hobby had at length fairly taken the bit in its teeth.

"Well, I declare it is a very vulgar name for a genteel Inn," said Dame Darwell laying her stocking down upon her knee and looking very positively at the obnoxious words! "It might have done very well in old Captain Darwell's time, and even when George was alive! But things are different now! Inns are out of fashion even in some places, and every thing is called 'Hotel!' But whatever change I make, I will always have this an Inn! It means comfort and a home. But there is no need in having such a name for it. 'The Quart Mug!' How coarse it sounds! I wonder how I could bear it so long. George won't feel it now, and beside the sign is getting old and will soon fall down, and I must have a new one! Yes I must get a new sign that is certain!"

Here the good dame's countenance lighted up with pleasure! She had hit upon a new idea! She must have a new sign, and that would be an excuse for putting on a new name! Her satisfaction at having hit upon this idea was plainly visible in her face.

"Yes, it is settled!" she said with emphasis. "I will have a new sign within three days!"

It chanced that at this moment John Blake the carpenter, from the next village came by carrying a saw in one hand and a window sash and some pieces of board in the other. She instantly called to him, and in five minutes had bargained for a new sign of precisely the dimensions of the old one, to be completed the next day.

"And shall I give it to Brown when it is done, to paint the old mug on it, ma'am?"

"No: tell Brown to paint it sky blue, as the old one was before it got so rusty, and then I will call and let him know what I am to have on it."

The carpenter went his way, and Dame Darwell resumed her knitting with an air of peculiar satisfaction on her features; every little while as she would knit a needle off she would glance up to the old sign with a sort of triumphant air; yet not without feeling a sort of guilty sense of being about to do a very wrong thing in taking down the sign under which she and her husband and her husband's father had so long prospered. But she defended herself against her conscience with the reflection that the sign was ready to fall, and a new one *must* take the place of it. While she was thus employed in her thoughts and with her fingers, a four-wheeled chaise with two horses attached, appeared on the pike in the direction of Providence, and as it was advancing at very fast speed, it the next moment drove up before the porch of "The Quart Mug."

CHAPTER II.

How a gentleman and lady alighted at the Inn.—Dame Darwell's curiosity defeated.—The gentleman orders a strange beverage.—The guest and Dame Darwell converse together.—The departure of the guests.

The old mahogany clock in the tap struck four precisely as the carriage drew up before the little vine covered porch of the Inn, in the doorway of

which Dame Darwell was seated knitting, and busily engaged in her thoughts in inventing a new and agreeable sounding name for the sign she had ordered John Blake to make for her. The carriage as she relates the story and as I have heard her tell it at least three hundred and one times, was a sort of barouche, painted yellow and lined with drab; a very genteel, convenient traveling chaise for two persons. The horses were well-fed bays, but came up all of a foam; and the harness was brass mounted, with a gilt eagle treading upon a serpent on the blinds.—Of this Dame Darwell was positive. They were driven by a black man who had a black cockade in his hat and was dressed in a blue coat in gilt buttons, with an eagle on them, white waistcoat with flaps and drab breeches. He was a very black man and also very much of a gentleman in his manners, said Dame Darwell. He wore yellow gloves also and had a white pocket handkerchief, the good dame noticed. But the horses, the harness, the gilt eagle on the blinders, the yellow barouche, the black driver in his gloves and cockade, were all a secondary matter, and only for a moment divested the attention of the critical eye of the worthy hostess from the occupants of the chaise.

These were a gentleman and lady. The gentleman wore a black cloak and was dressed in mourning, and the lady wore a deep mourning veil which concealed her face. They both seemed young, Dame Darwell judging that the gentleman, whom she never failed to say was "remarkably handsome and civil-like, and very *acrostick*, in his manner," could not have been above eight and twenty. Behind was a large round topped trunk of buff leather firmly strapped to the foot board, and in the carriage at their feet a large traveling basket with a cover.

Dame Darwell, long practised to judge of her guests at a single glance, observed all that I have described while the black driver was letting down the steps of the barouche. The gentleman sprang out first, and bowing to the good dame as she stood in the door with her knitting asked,

"Are you the hostess, madam?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dame Darwell with a smile of welcome that never failed to detain all comers if not to a lodging at least to a meal.

"Can I be accommodated here to-night with my horses?"

"Certainly, sir with pleasure. I have nice, pleasant rooms, and sweet beds. It is many a gentleman and lady I have had the happiness of entertaining, and they were sure to come a second time, though I say it, sir, that perhaps shouldn't." And the good hostess smiled so pleasantly that the gentleman smiled too, and said he would like to be her guest until the next morning.

"It is your lady I presume, sir?" said Dame Darwell, who was very particular in some things.

The gentleman colored, glanced at the lady who still sat in the carriage veiled, and then nodded to Dame Darwell very slightly, as much as to say that it was a thing of course. Dame Darwell was satisfied by the nod and invited them in.

"The lady will at once go to a room," said the gentleman as he handed her from the carriage. Dame Darwell now saw that she was elegant in person and her air very lady-like.

"I will show you the room, madam," said Dame Darwell preparing to precede the gentleman and lady; but the lady lingered until her traveling basket was taken out by the black man, who now that

Dick had been waked up by the carriage and had taken the horses' heads, was at liberty to follow them; which he did with the basket, carrying it very carefully while Dame Darwell observed that the lady kept turning back as they walked through the long passage and watching it with great anxiety, speaking more than once to the man to be careful, until the gentleman spoke sharply in a low tone to her, when she was silent. The room was on the same floor with the tap, but at some distance quite at the end of the house; one window opening into the garden and two facing the turnpike, but covered with wood-bine and honey-suckle in full flower. The chamber was spacious and neat in its arrangements, with white coverlid, white bed hangings, white window curtains, and neat strips of carpet laid upon the snow-white floor, before the bed, and little looking-glass stand.—All was neat as wax, and yet comfortable and home-like. Two old fashioned stuffed arm chairs covered with needle work invited the weary traveler to repose his limbs, and antiquated rocking-chairs with cushions of rich embroidery stood on each side of the tiled fire-place, which was now filled with branches of asparagus placed in a china flower pot.

Dame Darwell having opened the door into this neat apartment, which she used to call the "Court Chamber," because the Judges always occupied it, she curtsied and asked them when they would have tea.

"I will let you know in a few minutes, Madam," said the gentleman; and the hostess taking this for a polite intimation that they desired to be left alone, she curtsied, smiled and retired to the tap room, followed by the black man who had left the basket.

"You have driven fast, Mr. Coachman," said Dame Darwell as she reached the porch, turning and addressing the black.

"Yes, marm! Massa al'ays luv drive 'im fas'," answered the negro, touching his hat and passing out of the door to his horses.

"Come from Providence?"

"No marm, New-York!" answered the black.

"Now, if you please, sar," he continued addressing the hostler, "lead dese horses to de stable and leave the carriage here; when I on strap dis trunk and carry 'im in to massa I go help you take car' ob'im!"

"Your master is going to Boston, I suppose," said Dame Darwell, after the horses had been taken out and led away.

"I don't kno', marm. Master nebber tell nigger whar he go; ony he say, *dar de road!* and nigger drive 'long de road what afore him face and dat all he kno' 'bout whar massa go to!"

Dame Darwell says she looked very closely into the negro's face on receiving this reply, with the suspicion that the fellow knew more than he would tell. But when he saw she was observing him, he turned his face away and went very busily engaging himself in unlashing the trunk from behind the barouche. At this moment the gentleman made his appearance. Dame Darwell said he was a tall man, with a fine hazel eye, chestnut colored hair, a fine smile and white teeth. "He was as perfect a gentleman to look at as I ever wish to see," Dame Darwell never failed to add when she came to this part of the recital. I will now continue in her own words:

He comed to me as I was looking at the wooly negro man, and as he had no cloak on now, I saw he wore a black satin vest and taking out of a little fob in the breast of it the handsomest gold watch

I ever see, he said, perlte and civil as one could wish to have a gentleman,

"Madam, it is now a little past four!—We will have tea at five, if you will take the trouble to order it!"

"Certainly, sir; it is no trouble in the world! You can have it earlier if you choose," said I.

"That hour will answer, especially as I have concluded that I will ride on instead of stopping for the night as I intended.

"Don't my rooms and the accommodations suit you and your lady, sir?" Perhaps I spoke a little quick, for he looked as if he saw that I did.

"No apartments could be pleasanter; and I assure you we are the losers to leave such pleasant accommodation for others which are uncertain. If anything could urge us to remain, it would be the temptations held out by your agreeable house. The night is cool and I wish to take advantage of it to pursue my journey."

I was perfectly satisfied at this explanation, though I felt sorry not to keep them till next day; for I had somehow taken up a strange curiosity about 'em, I wanted to gratify; and besides they looked like such nice people I wanted to have them in my house. And what was more I hadn't seen the face of the lady yet; for she kept it closely veiled all the time going through the passage. I only heard her voice speaking to the black coachman about carrying the basket, and it was such a sweet one, I was on a tenter to get a sight of her face. It was pitiful to see her in deep mourning, and doubtless, I thought to myself, she is in great sorrow. Perhaps she has lost her only child; and when I thought of that I felt tears coming into my eyes; for though I han't any little blessings myself, I could sympathise with mother's as had 'em and lost 'em. Well, to the gentleman! When I told him I was sorry he could not stay, he said I could not regret it more than he did; and then after a minute he asked me if I had any fresh milk. I told him that I had morning's milk, but that if he wished I would have one of the critters milked. He said morning's milk would do if it was sweet; and asked me if I wouldn't boil a little and let him take it to his lady.

"A glass of good fresh milk would do your lady more good, or if you will wait five minutes, I will get her a cup of nice green tea," says I.

"No, you are very kind. Boiled milk would be preferred! Please have it prepared and I will wait for it and take it in."

"Oh, sir I would rather take it to the lady myself. I can't bear you should carry it to her!"

"She prefers I should wait upon her," he said smiling; I could not help noticing that though he smiled often when he spoke, yet he always smiled sadly; and when he said anything to me he seemed to be thinking of something on his mind.

Well, as some ladies love to have their husband's wait on 'em, especially young brides, I wasn't surprised, and went and got the milk boiled, wondering too, why a lady should prefer boiled morning's milk to fresh new milk right from the cow, or a good nice cup of Hyson, with loaf sugar and golden cream. But you'll see the reason by and bye; and then you won't wonder no more than I did afterwards!

I got the milk and brought it to him in the tap where he stood waiting for it with a newspaper in his hand which he had been reading.

"I had better take it, sir," I said.

"No, I prefer to carry it. Have you some white sugar?" he asked.

I gave it to him, putting the milk on a small waiter in a pitcher, with a tumbler and the sugar bowl and a tea-spoon. Well he took it, thanked me and carried it to her, while I went to see about their tea. I had it already at five o'clock, the table nicely set for two in the little back parlor, and everything delicious on it. I was then going to the room door to call 'em when he came in and said,

"You have," says he, "every thing very nice here, Mrs. Hostess, and I regret the lady ('he always said *the* lady, not *my* lady!" added Dame Darwell) cannot come out to the table! I will take in a cup of tea and a little toast on a waiter to her."

I was sorry she couldn't come out, because when I get a table nicely fixed, I love to have people set down to it and enjoy it. But the poor lady it seemed must be ill, and so I cheerfully put on a waiter a little of every thing nice, and poured out a cup of tea with cream and sugar; and then I said I would take it to her.

"No, you are very kind, madam," (he always said "madam" so perlte and foreign-like,) says he; "I will take it to her myself and urge her to eat something."

"Is your lady ill, sir?" I asked him.

"Fatigued, and a little indisposed," he said. "As she starts again so soon she wishes to take all the rest she can."

"This was all very reasonable," continued Dame Darwell; "and so he took the waiter to her though it did look strange to see such a nice dressed gentleman carrying in a waiter. But then when I thought how it was for his sick wife it didn't appear so strange to me as it did kind in him. In a minute or two he came back and sat down, but first politely asked me to take the head of the table. So I sat down and poured out his tea for him. He ate a little while in silence and then began asking me a great many questions about myself; how long I had been keeping the Inn; how long I had been a widow; if I had any children? and he asked them so very civil-like that I couldn't help answering them all, 'till he knew as much about me as I did about myself. He then said he thought I must be a very happy woman," "inasmuch as Providence had blessed me with a competence and a kind heart."

"Perhaps, sir," said I laughing, "if you should hear me scold in the kitchen and at the stable boys some days when we are pretty busy, you wouldn't think I had a very sweet temper."

He laughed, but sadly as he always did, and said, "I am quite satisfied that you are kind and good! It is a pity such excellent qualities as you seem to possess, should not have been bestowed upon one who, as a mother, could exercise them to the happiness of her children!"

When he said this in these very words, I felt as if I could shed tears. He had touched my heart where it was the tenderest. He saw I was affected and said,

"Your regrets are that you are not a mother, I perceive. But Providence may yet realize your wishes, at least in a degree!"

I don't know whether I blushed or not, but I felt my face glow, he was so plain spoken: but I said, trying to laugh,

"I shall never marry again, sir! I love the memory of my poor George too well ever to give the hand that he once loved to another!"

"Perhaps so; I doubt it not madam," he said, taking a spoonful of my white honey to eat with his fresh bread: "but Providence sometimes affords the good and benevolent objects of affection by means that are unforeseen!"

I looked at him very hard; for I had no idea what he meant, and could not understand him. He saw my looks and then said,

"I mean, madam, in this way. A good wife once, who desired offspring in vain, found one morning at her door a babe in an open box. She could find no parents to claim it and adopted it for her own, and became a mother to it; and doubtless she loved it as if it had been her own!"

"I have not the least doubt she did," I said warmly. "I am sure, if it had been a pretty baby and a boy too, I should have loved the little dear as if it was my own flesh and blood!"

When I said this he looked at me very earnestly, and then seemed gratified. He soon finished his supper, for he talked more than he ate, and didn't seem to have any appetite, though he praised every thing. In a little while he got up and after saying he should like to have his servant provided for, he went to the lady's room. Well, I didn't see either of them again until about dusk when he came into the tap. He was looking very pale and grave. He called for his bill and settled it, giving me a gold piece, and I gave him the change in silver. I then asked him when he would have his horses; and he said, as the moon rose just after sunset, he would thank me to have them harnessed as soon as it rose. He then spoke to his servant to see that they were at the door at that time, and then went back again to the lady's room. I tried to get something out of the negro about his master and mistress; but he didn't seem to know anything. I don't believe he knew his right hand from his left; yet he was the perlitest nigger I ever saw afore or since. Well, the moon rose, and the horses were put in, the negro went for the traveling basket and placed it in the carriage, and the gentleman and lady, the latter after delaying a good deal and three times going back for something, came out, she leaning heavily on his arm, and weeping; for I distinctly heard her stifled sobs. She still wore her veil, and I tried to see her face, holding a candle in my hand purposely; and as good fortune would favor me, her veil caught the door catch as she was passing out and was drawn aside! It left exposed a sweet, lovely face, pale and tearful, and that of a person not more than two and twenty. The next moment she was seated in the carriage. The gentleman got in by her side; the black man shut the door and mounted to his box, and the horses dashed off at full speed along the turnpike in the direction of Boston.

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"She died in the bud of being, in the spring,
The time of flowers and songs, and balmy air:
'Mid opening blossoms she was withering—
But thus 'twas ever with the good and fair,
The loved of heaven; ere yet the hand of care
Upon the snowy brow had set its seal,
Or Time's hour frost come down to bleach the hair,
They fade away and 'scape what others feel,
The pangs which pass not by—the wounds that never heal."

CAROLINE OSBORN sat propped up with pillows, and surrounded by tearful friends, to die. Her lips

were white, and on her brow so marble-like and cold, there lay a little shining curl which had escaped from the bondage of her cap and seemed mocking the pale Destroyer with its undimmed brightness. Around her stood the various vials and drugs of a sick chamber, and on the table lay a lemon half eaten with which they had been trying to moisten the parched tongue and throat of the dying one.

The breath came through the half shut lips painfully, and every now and then there came a fixed glassy look to the blue eyes of the sufferer, and the blood showed purple through the nails of the attenuated fingers. Death was busy with his victim, and his work was soon accomplished. The breath entirely ceased—the eye closed and then partly opened again—the pulse ceased to flutter even as faintly as they had before done, and all was as hushed as if that beautiful, wreck of mortality, had never beat with the pulses of life—had never been the tabernacle of a warm and loving soul.

For a few moments all gazed with suppressed breath into the calm face of the sleeper, as if expecting some further sign of life—but in vain—there was a half formed smile upon the lips and the white covering sunk in still proportions showing the outlines of the dead.

Then groans became audible, and the white headed sire of the stricken one came forward, and taking the still cold hand, bent over it as if his heart was bursting with its load of agony. One by one the relatives came closer, and the room which but a few moments before had been still even to painfulness, resounded with the sighs and groans of the afflicted.

But there was one who neither groaned nor shed a tear. His eye on the contrary seemed almost to burn in its dryness, while he knelt down and gazed into the sweet face of the placid sleeper. A few drops of sweat had started on his high white forehead, and a nervous shudder ran through his frame. Save these there was no outward sign of grief.

Caroline Osborn was the affianced bride of Edgar Morgan. In childhood they had played together—had studied together and many were the long spring days which they had spent over their books in the orchard beneath the flowering boughs of the green old trees. The golden sun peeped in upon them, and the moss at their feet was green, as it never is save in the spring-time. The birds shook down a shower of the pale tinted blossoms, while they were fluttering among the boughs, or started upward singing into the deep blue air. Then the silvery laugh of the young girl mingled with his more boisterous merriment, and starting up they gazed at the sweet feathered tribe, and danced upon the white flowers in the sunlight.

Edgar knew where the violets grew the loveliest, and Caroline was ever ready to help him gather them. Time passed away, and the boy verged upon manhood, and the face and form of the girl took the grace and symmetry of maturer years. Edgar left his rural home, and the sweet fellow student of his early day for the strife—the eager competition of college life, but not until Caroline Osborn had pledged herself to be the companion of his after life.

During the four years of his absence, he was true to his early love. He saw amid the gay crowds of the city, handsomer faces, and many fascinating blandishments were intended to win his heart, for he possessed a form and graces superior

to the common herd; but amid such witcheries his mind went back to the simple cottage of his infancy and yearned once more to hear the soft tread and voice of her, whom only he could dream of as wife.

He graduated a laureate, and turned with a joyous bound back to the home of his childhood, and Caroline Osborn was there to meet him, but the hectic flush, and the short dry cough, told that consumption was doing a rapid work. Alarmed he insisted upon her receiving medical advice immediately; but medicine only served to accelerate the progress of the disease, and in six weeks from the day of his return, he knelt as we have described him beside her corpse.

In his breast there was deep agony—misery which words may not essay to describe. Where were the castles of future bliss which he had been building through long years? What was there now in life for him? Fame might be won but her sweet voice would neither urge him on, or swell his praises. The eye which was to have animated and encouraged, was above him fixed and glassy, and the hand which was to have clasped and chafed his head, when it was tired with thought, was stiff and cold. In that hour he passionately wished to die.

He rose at last, and the attendants came in and dressed the corpse for the grave. The hands were fastened with a knot of white ribbon upon the breast, and buds and roses from her favorite tree were laid upon her coffin pillow. They were white and stainless as the cheek beside which they rested, and many remarked as they looked in upon the dead, that it was fitting that one like her should have flowers within her coffin, for she too was beautiful, and had early withered.

Edgar Morgan saw the only woman he ever loved, laid to her rest in the village grave yard, and then went back into the haunts of life careless of the future. The kind hearted villagers who knew the story of his love, looked sadly at him as they chanced to meet him, and wondered if his grief was deep as it was silent, for few words during that fearful blighting of his prospects, had escaped his lips. Gradually his step grew weak, and his thin appearance excited pity. When questioned in regard to his health, his replies were evasive, and it was whispered that he was dying of a broken heart.

One summer morning the sexton, with his spade, entered the grave yard, to open a new tenement for the dead. He passed near Caroline Osborn's resting place, and was startled at the scene he witnessed, on the grave, with hands clasped around the marble slab at its head, was the body of Edgar Morgan. His face was dropped upon his bosom, and his hair was wet with the night dew, but the vital spark had fled. They laid him beside her whom he had loved so devotedly, and his mound is still pointed out to the inquiring stranger who chanceth to visit the spot, as the grave of the BROKEN HEARTED.

August 12, 1845.

A READY RETORT.—A drunken lawyer going into church, was observed by the minister, who addressed him thus: "I will bear witness against that sinner at the day of judgment." The lawyer, shaking his head with drunken gravity replied: "I have practised twenty years at the bar, and have always found the greatest rascal is the first to turn States' evidence."

BIOGRAPHY.



JOHN GILL, D. D.

JOHN GILL, D. D. a distinguished divine, born at Kettering, Northamptonshire, 19th Nov. 1697. In 1716, he was admitted pastor of the Anabaptists at Kettering, and two years after went in the same capacity to Higham Ferrers. In 1721, he was invited to Horsleydown meeting, in Southwark, and soon after removed to Tooley street, where he died Oct. 13th 1771. He ranked high as a good orientalist, and as an extensive scholar. His publications were numerous, and in his principles he was a rigid Calvinist.

ANN AMELIA.

ANN AMELIA, princess of Prussia, sister to Frederick the great, born in 1723, died 1787. She distinguished herself by her taste for the arts. She set to music "The death of the Messiah" by Rouler. She was a decided friend to the far-famed Baron Trenck; and there can be no doubt, but that this attachment for the princess, was the cause of Trenck's misfortunes. Frederick was incensed that a subject should aspire to the hand of his sister. She continued her attachment to Trenck when both had grown old, and Frederick was in his grave, but death deprived her of providing for Trenck's children as she intended.

MISCELLANY.

WHAT IS LIFE?

WERE this enquiry made by one who had confined his meditations to his own bosom, and was unacquainted with any of the pretended solutions of this very interesting problem, we should probably be furnished with another example of the endless variety of judgments with which men are accustomed to view the same object. But, although few look with the same feeling upon life and its enjoyments, yet all regard it a preface to something that lies in the future. The rude Indian of America, revelling with untrammelled freedom through the broad temple of Nature—the land of his Fathers—values the "brief space of Life" as a discipline preparatory to the endless enjoyment of the perennial groves and teeming hunting-grounds of the spirit-land. The enlightened Christian also sees in this portion of his being, the responsible seed-time for the future; but his aim is loftier: the object of his faith is an employment befitting more the dignity of a mind immortal. Life! 'tis an endearing word. Why cling we to it with such tenacity? Why do we weep when we see it wrested from

loved ones? Fraught though it may be with "cares that weary, and disappointments that depress," it possesses a charm that wretchedness and misfortune cannot destroy. Life is sweet. They err exceedingly who say it is not worth the living. Even if the pleasures that the virtuous taste on earth (which is but the lodge of their way-faring years) were all that bound us here, we should be amply rewarded for the pain we experience.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not the goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

Were there no gloom commingled with the glow of life, the light of heaven would shine less brilliant. The deceitfulness of the world will brighten the felicity of Paradise. Let us cherish then Nature's sweet boon, and value it as the gateway to fadeless felicity.

EXTRACT.

"Twas twilight—seated at the door of a moss covered cottage, was the pride of the village—lovely Phæbe.—Her finely moulded form—her exquisite and voluptuous bust—her classic and beautifully chiselled features—her sweet lips—teeth of pearly whiteness—and such eyes! two drops of liquid azure set in snow! all combined, 'twas enough to melt the very soul of an anchorite!

Beside this angel, knelt a youth, whose cheek, pale as ashes, told the tale—he was in love!—"Tell me," said he—in trembling accents—"Tell me this night my fate.—Keep me in agony no longer. Tell me what sacrifice I shall undergo for you—you, my soul's idol! Command me to perform a pilgrimage around this earth on burning coals—and it shall be done. Any thing—any thing—but cast me not off. Plant a dagger in my heart, but keep me in suspense no longer! Say lovely Phæbe—will you—*will you be mine?*" He trembled—his heart throbbed—she saw he was ready to swoon—a crimson flush mantled her cheek—

"Like the rich sunset 'neath Italia's sky."

She took his hand in her tiny fingers—put her smiling lips to his ear, and whispered—"Obed, *I shan't do nothing else!*"

PADDY AND THE ECHO.

"PATRICK! where have you been this hour or more? You must not absent yourself without my permission."

"Och, niver more will I do the like, sir."

"Well, give an account of yourself, you seem out of breath."

"Fait, the same I am sir; I niver was in such fear since I came to Ameriky. I'll tell you all about it, sir, when I get breath onst agin."

"I heard ye tilling the gentlemen of the wonderful echo, sir, over in the woods behind the big hill. I thocht by what ye said uv it, that it bate all the heechoes uv ould Ireland, sir, and so it does, by the powers! Well, I just run over to the place you was speaking uv, to converse a bit with the wonderful creathur. So said I, "Hillo, hillo, hillo!" and sure enough the heecho said, "hillo, hillo, hillo, you noisy rascal!"

"I thocht that was very quare, and said hillo, agin."

"Hillo, yourself," said the echo, "you begun it first."

"What the devil are you made uv? said I.

"Shut your mouth," said the echo.

"So said I," "ye blathern scoundrel, if ye was flesh and blood, like an honest man, that ye isn't, I'd hammer ye till the mother of ye wouldn't know her impedint son."

"And what do you think the heecho said to that, sir? "Scamber ye bast of a Paddy," said he, or fait if I catch you, I'll break every bone in your ugly body." An' it hit my head with a stone, sir, that was nigh knocking the poor brains out uv me. So I run as fast as iver I could; and praised be all the saints, I'm here to tell you uv it, sir."

VERY FULL.

A SLIM spark bespoke a pair of pantaloons at a French tailor's "be sure," said he "to make them *very full.*" "Yes, sare, I understand you very well, tank you, sare, your custom will make me too much *honneur*"—tendering him the homage of a profound bow. When the pantaloons were brought home, how was he disappointed to find them of the same dimensions as his skin! He stamped, he raved at the tailor and the whole French nation, during which the poor tailor stood in the utmost consternation. "Did I not give you particular directions to make them large?" "Large! large! no sare, you say *full*; and suppose he is *large*, I believe he is *very empty.*"

"Pomp, why am de sun like a loaf ob bread?" "Cause he am round, eh, Cuff?" "No; you gub it up?" "Yes, I ain't done noffin else." "Well, den, cawse him rises in de yeast, (cast)." "Yah, yah! nigger, you been sweepin' out a school-room, ain't yer?"

"SAM," said a mother to one of her "werry obedient children" one day, "how many logs have you sawed, eh?" Why, narm, when I get this and three other ones done I'll have four."

"WELL IT DID."—"John how much did your pig weigh?" "Well; it didn't weigh as much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't."

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1845.

OURSELVES.

AFTER a short delay of a few weeks we present our readers with the first number of our twenty second volume, and we hope that the endeavors which we are making to render our paper the *best* of its kind, will be appreciated by our patrons. We have been enabled to pursue the "even tenor of our way," and present our sheet regularly to our readers for more than a score of years, while thousands upon thousands of "Mirrors," "Caskets," "Gems," and what not, have risen up in every section of the country around us, flourished for a short period, and then for want of sufficient breath to support their attenuated frames, have sighed a last farewell upon the fleeting and transitory things of life, and fled to the *land of Nad*—we suppose—and are now buried in the dark and limitless gulf of oblivion, to be remembered only as things that *were*. This fact cheers us in our onward course, and enables us to look forward to the future with hope and bright anticipation.

Our best endeavors shall be given to make our paper interesting, instructing and useful, to the community at large, and to make it well worthy of the patronage of a heretofore generous public. The small sum at which the REPOSITORY is afforded, places it within the reach of *all* classes, and as the present number commences the volume for the coming year, *now* is the time to subscribe.

We hope all under whose eye this may fall, will not only subscribe themselves, but induce as many of their neighbors as they can, to send us their names and the *needful* also.

Our terms will be found upon the last page.

TO THE LADIES

Who have heretofore given us their patronage and their kind, approving smiles, we can but return our unfeigned acknowledgments for past favors and strive to merit their confidence and support in future.

For without their smiles and willing aid,
In vain our efforts would be made.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have on hand a large number of favors from our correspondents, which for want of time, we have been unable to examine earlier. The following shall appear as soon as we can find room for them:

"The First and Last Oath;" "The Midshipmen, or the true Prophecy;" "The Poetry of the Bible;" "The Return;"—"Mutations of Time;" "Flowers;" "Lines written on the removal of the Seminoles;" "The Maiden's Prayer;" "Mary H—;" "Hope," by E. R. W.; "Hope," by A. C. F.;—"Among the Northern Constellations is one called the Harp."

We have a number of others of hardly sufficient merit for our columns. We wish it to be distinctly understood that we shall take no notice whatever of communications unless the whole article is sent to us, as we can form no opinion of the merit of a story or any other communication from examining only a part of it. Will the authors of "The Slavonian's Doom," and "The Devoted Wife," remember this?

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

C. R. Lancaster, Ms. \$1.00; E. S. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00; O. D. New-York City, \$1.00; T. R. Jr. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; D. F. Warrenville, Ill. \$1.00; J. N. R. Roundout, N. Y. \$1.00; G. A. E. Easton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. P. Milton, Wis. Ter. \$1.00; E. W. B. Saugerties, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. W. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. P. New-York City, \$1.00; H. S. Sheffield, Ms. \$1.00; Mrs. G. W. L. New-York City, \$2.00; R. H. B. Attlebury, N. Y. \$1.00; E. D. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. F. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. J. Goshen, N. Y. (for vol 21.) \$1.00; W. M. Upper Red Hook, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. E. D. West Edmeston, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. P. Conquest, N. Y. \$3.00; C. F. A. Bethlem, Ct. \$1.00; N. W. East Clarendon, Vt. \$5.00; E. T. B. Salem, N. C. \$1.00; S. A. D. Accord, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. H. M. Ionin, Mich. \$1.00; G. H. O. Brands Iron Works, \$1.00; S. C. Moscow, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. Stephentown, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. Machias, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. H. Battenville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. B. Le Roy, N. Y. \$3.00; S. M. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; H. K. Gibson, N. Y. \$1.00; L. F. A. Shelburne, Mass. \$1.00; Miss C. A. M. Rochester, W. T. \$1.00; Mrs. E. B. W. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$2.00; G. S. P. Keeseville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. J. Richmond, Mass. \$7.00; A. J. V. D. Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; G. A. F. Little Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; P. D. O. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. T. Marlboro, N. H. \$7.00; T. S. H. Granville, N. Y. \$10.00; M. H. B. Oberlin, O. \$1.00; D. C. Schuyler Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. E. W. Stephentown, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Easthampton, Ms. \$3.00; O. R. B. Pittsfield, Ms. \$5.00; Mrs. C. W. Virgil Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. W. Selma, Ala. \$3.00; H. N. Bridgeport, Ct. \$3.00; R. S. Romulus, N. Y. \$5.00; F. B. Pompey, N. Y. \$1.00.

BOUND

In Hymen's sacred bands.

In Germantown, on the 14th ult. by the Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. Edward Miller, to Miss Mary Miller, both of Germantown.

At Kinderhook, on the 23d ult. by Eld. L. S. Rexford, Mr. Jacob J. Seitzer, of that town, to Miss Almira Stickles, of Claverack.

In Livingston, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. H. Wheeler, Mr. Peter H. Rossman, of Claverack, to Miss Susan E. Decker, of the former place.

On the 30th ult. by the same, and in the same town, Mr. William Silvernail, of Livingston, to Mrs. Eleanor Decker, of Taghkanic.

LOOSED

From the fetters of Earth.

In this city, on the 28th ult. Charles Dakin, P. W. P. of the Sons of Temperance of this city, in the 48th year of his age.

On the 19th inst. Jerome Lake, in his 80th year.

On the 20th ult. at the residence of her son-in-law P. Dean Carrique, Avis B. Coleman, of New-York, (formerly of this city,) widow of the late David Coleman, aged 53 years, 5 months, and 4 days.

On the 23d ult. an infant son of Thomas Hallenbeck, aged 1 year and 6 months.

On the 31st ult. Norman Traver, son of D. H. Traver, aged 18 years.

On the 13th ult. Mrs. Ann Allen, in her 82d year.

On the 16th ult. Nelly Burke, in her 78th year.

At Greenport, on the 16th ult. Samuel Stoddard, in his 75th year.

At Ghent, on the 27th ult. Eugene W. eldest son of Dr. Edward B. and Eleanor Pugsley, aged 23 years, 4 months and 17 days.

At New-York, on the 24th ult. Mr. James Veitch, in the 49th year of his age.

At Nantucket, on the 8th ult. Charlotte, wife of Edward M. Gardner, and daughter of Capt. Reuben Clusby, aged 35 years.

Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A KATY-DID. *

BY CATHARINE W. BARBER.

"KATY-DID!" say *what* did Kate do?
Be careful and tell what you *know* to be true—
I am here and shall note down each word that you state,
For my name to the world once is known to be KATE—
You've sung "Katy-did," for the space of an hour,
Now tell, of *one* fault if it is in your power.

I'm sure I can't imagine what tale's come to you;
My actions are public I very well knew,
But I never once thought you'd take up and repeat
The gossip which travels so fast through the street—
"Katy-did! Katy-did!" there again—I declare
Hold your tongue—don't tell all you know to the air.
I thought 'twas enough for each wrinkled old maid,
To peddle out slander as though 'twas her trade;
To tattle and tell how I bought a new gown
And wore it the last time I went up to town,
For what reason on earth they are sure, they don't know
Unless 'twas to dazzle the eyes of a beau.

They tell how I make up strange verses each day
And spend "lots of time," without getting my pay;
My name is oft handled and that without care,
But I never mistrusted, you insects in air
Would repeat it again and again 'neath the spray,
Where you flutter and hop at the close of the day.

Your tale will not frighten a jot or a bit,
Unless you know more, then I've ever heard yet;—
"Katy-did! Katy-did!"—now tell it out plain
You've put me already all over in pain;
'Tis too bad that Eve's daughter, inquisitive you know,
Should be cheated, and treated, and tantalized so.

Say, *what* did Kate do? I am anxious to know
Before I rise up from this old rock, and go;
If you say aught that is *good*, I want surely to know it,
If aught that is *bad* you most surely shall rue it;
On the tongue of the slanderer in insect or man
I'll take the whole law, be assured if I can.

"Katy-did! Katy-did!" and there you still end
Without telling what to her foe or her friend—
You *know* nothing she's said, and nothing she's *did*,
Or else you would *tell* it, as oft I have bid;
So I'll take up my bonnet and journey along;
The world will no wiser e'er be for *your* song.

Heath, Mass. August, 1845.

* The Katy-did is an insect quite common in New England, the noise is said to be caused by the rubbing of its wings.

For the Rural Repository.

"THE HOUR HAS COME." JOHN XVII. 1.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Not to attend a sumptuous feast
Where costly viands dress the board,
A welcome and an honored guest,
A King, an Emperor and a Lord.
Not to receive the hand of love
And meet the smile from beauty's eye;
To wander in some sylvan grove,
And list the wild bird's melody.

Not, to the altar, where its light
Amid a jeweled train is dim;
To clasp with fervor and delight,
The heart devoted true to him.
Not, to inhale from childhood's lip
The notes of innocence and glee;
And fly from flower, to flower, and sip,
The nectared sweets of infancy.

Not these allured the Saviour's feet,
And caused his soul to leap with joy;
Not these, the joys for him to meet,
Unmixed and pure, without alloy.—

But darkness! horror! and the tomb!
Desertion! insult! mockery! scorn!
Creation shrouded deep in gloom,
Trembling beneath a Savior born.

"The Hour has Come!" So spake a God;
When I must face a frowning world,
Must bow beneath sin's iron rod,
And meet the taunts around me hurled.
"The hour has come," when you bright orb,
Shall veil his face, dismayed retire,
The Cross! the cross! all heaven absorb,
As on it I for man expire!

"The hour has come," when from my throne
I stoop to earth, her sons to save;
I tread the wine press all alone,
And view unawed my opening grave.
"The hour has come," when o'er my soul,
The billows of avenging wrath,
Shall in their awful fury roll,
And scatter misery in my path.
"The hour has come!" armed men appear!
What seek ye? will ye now be healed?
From sorrow's cheek I'll wipe the tear
And sooth—if annuish lies concealed.
Hah! Judas! But my hour has come,
Roll on, ye mountain billows, roll!
Ye bear me upward to my home,
With my reward the deathless soul.

Time, cannot measure what to man
This hour of wo, for him has bought;
Whose longest life is but a span,
A tale soon told, and soon forgot.
Not for a single soul I die,
But countless hosts shall taste my love;
Those who this hour will crucify,
May strike their golden harps above.
Hark! from afar the mountain quakes
The lightnings flash, the thunders roll!
Earth, from her deep foundation shakes,
And tremblings seize each distant pole!
"The Hour has Come!" the Saviour dies!
For man, he bows his blessed head;
Salvation echoes through the skies,
And angels move with joyful tread.

Sag Harbor, L. I. August, 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

ACROSTIC.

R ichest gems of fancy in thy pages I behold,
U nivalled in the beauty which thou dost there unfold,
R ural scenes so charming—the wondrous works of art
A re enrolled within thy pages, of thy varied charms a part,
L ive long may'st thou to cheer each sad and languid heart.
R ivals tho' there may be, they can ne'er with thee compare,
E ver filled as thou art with treasures rich and rare;
P lenasantly time passes as thy pages I peruse;
O far above all others, I this "Rural" paper choose.
S o many thy life thus sweetly, in golden numbers flow,
I n this world of care and trouble, of bitterness and wo,
T o raise the saddened spirit—to cheer the drooping heart;
O ft thy pages pure and spotless, shall take an active part;
R ising far above thy rivals, may Fortune ever bless
Y our onward course with joy, with glory and success.

Bethlem, Ct. 1845.

C. F. A.

For the Rural Repository.

TO LIZZY.

O, who hath seen young Lizzy fair,
With eyes of jet and raven hair,
With cheeks that mock the lily's hue,
And lips like rubies dipt in dew;
Or heard her sweet, melodious voice,
Which makes the very heart rejoice;
Nor breathed one wish that he might share
Young Lizzy's weal, young Lizzy's care?
O, who hath seen young Lizzy kind,
And proved the riches of her mind,
So chaste as ice, and pure as snow,
Whence mirth, and wit, and reason flow,
In streams harmonious—such as wear
No trace of sorrow, ling'ring there;
Nor sighing, wished, that he might prove
The object of young Lizzy's love?

O, who hath seen young Lizzy true,
When morning bade the night adieu,
As blithe she skipped upon the lawn,
To taste the virgin breath of morn;
Or, who hath seen her, bright and gay,
As evening kissed the dying day,
Nor wished that he were by her side,
And that young Lizzy, were his bride?

G.

Alabama, Sept. 1845.

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The character and design of the Rural Repository being so generally known, it would seem almost superfluous to offer any thing further; but, we are induced to submit to the public two paragraphs containing condensed extracts from notices of the "Repository," published in various Journals, throughout the United States, in the room of praising ourselves as some are under the necessity of doing.

"The 'Rural Repository' is a neat and elegant semi-monthly Periodical, published in the City of Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. and which we believe is the oldest literary paper in the United States; and while it has made no very great pretensions to public favor, it is far better than those publications who boast long and loud of their claims to public patronage. Amid the fluctuations of the world, and the ups and downs of the periodical press, for nearly a score of years this little miscellany has pursued 'the even tenor of its way,' scattering its sweets around, and increasing in interest and popularity, and our readers will, of course, infer, that if it had no merit it would have shuffled off this mortal coil 'long time ago.'

"It is devoted to Polite Literature, and no where in the United States, is it excelled for neatness of typographical execution, or in appropriate and useful selections. As an elegant specimen of letter-press printing it stands without a rival, and it may be said, in truth, to be a specimen of the 'art preservative of all arts.' It has outlived many a flaunting city rival, 'Mirrors,' and 'Gems,' and 'Caskets,' gaudy as butterflies, and about as long lived, and now if the 'Repository' does not outshine the last novelties, it will survive them, and charm many a reader after their titles are forgotten. Its columns are filled with agreeable and interesting miscellany, well calculated to interest and instruct the young of both sexes; and the good taste and discrimination of its editor is evinced, in the total exclusion of those long and pointless productions which lumber up the columns of the 'mammoth' sheets of New-York and Philadelphia. In short, we know of no Journal of similar character, better calculated to cheer and enliven the family circle.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1845.

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